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DYING WORK
OF A
SOLDIER'S WIFE
OR
PEACE IN JESUS.

BY HER HUSBAND.

KIRKBY LONSDALE,
PRINTED BY ROBERT MORPHET, BOOKBINDER
1861.

MOOL:

My dear Brother in the Lord Jesu

I address a few lines to the flesh, but I trust as a brother with the earnest desire to tell you of my dear departed Wife. I words from her own lips, in hope them. I trust and pray, that her many a soul that is now in dar still ringing in the ears of the pec

DYING WORDS

OF

A SOLDIER'S WIFE.

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This brief memoir is intended to honour the grace of God exhibited in the peaceful death of one of His children; it is drawn up with the earnest desire and prayer, that the minds of His people may be refreshed and strengthened by this new proof of the faithfulness of Jesus to his promises; and that some who know not His exceeding love may be led to listen to His gracious voice which invites them to Himself, and learn to know Him. We have said peaceful death, and we have said so advisedly, for such it was. Death in this case seemed divested of all terror. We saw her to whom we speak so calm, so gentle, so composed so intelligently peaceful, that we could scarcely think there was at hand a conscious separation of body and soul. We saw the body lying in great weakness and exhaustion, but so peaceful that it seemed scarcely possible that its inhabitants could know that it was passing into an untro

and dread eternity. And we saw her after the spirit had gone ; her face still clothed in smiles ; if she was conversing on heavenly things.

Mary Lundrinkin was born at Killkenny, the 25th of December, 1830. She was married to John Woodsell, of the 7th Dragoon Guard January the 23rd, 1855. She arrived in India, Kurrachee, on the 26th of February, 1860, as her husband was sent on duty to meet her, as happy indeed that he met her trusting on the alone merits of Jesus. After her conversion she ripened rapidly in Christian character, endeavouring to honour the Lord in all things, and seeking to be filled with His grace. She constantly sought to bring souls to Him whom she loved, by conversation and by letter, and was permitted to see that her efforts were not in vain in the Lord. She received grace from Him to walk in humble consistency before the Church, and before the world. Her constant desire was to know more of the love of Jesus, and her delight was to speak of Him. Jesus was her joy, her strength, her all in all in life, and He was with her in death and filled her with His peace.

The most marked feature in her Christian character was her simple, entire cleaving to the Lord Jesus, her living wholly on Him. From this sprang that full assurance of faith which accompanied her through her whole Christian life and which abode with her in death. One night she had imparted to her so overpowering a ser-

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a most marked likeness of her Lord, a clear festation of the life which He had given her. I never had the privilege of meeting her, felt more drawn towards Him and raised from earthly to the heavenly places. She is now the great cloud of witnesses to whom we can as having overcome by the blood of the Lamb by the testimony of Jesus. Oh, let us follow her as she followed Christ, with the humbleness of mind, faith, love and joy in the same zeal for His kingdom and glory, earnest desire to bring others to the saving knowledge of His precious name. The dear saint, in committing you and the child to the Jesus, committed you into good and safe keeping. Her prayers for you both will assuredly be answered.

On the 7th of March, 1860, she was taken. She immediately began to pray with great eagerness that in her approaching pains the Lord would keep her mind steadily fixed on the weight of what to be hereafter revealed; a prayer which was mercifully heard, for after long and great pains with pains in the bowels, she said to those attending her, "Do you call this a light affliction?" answered, "No; by no means." She said, "nothing compared to the weight of glory." She thought she said had been present to her sustained her throughout the whole of her sufferings. Pains came on which increased so rapidly. *Leave, on the 12th of March, no hope of her recovery. Her husband who stood by her side felt*

his duty (in accordance with a mutual promise made to each other in health), to make this known to her. He said to her, "Mary, you are dying; the doctor does not think you will live two hours longer. Does your heart sink when I tell you this?" She replied with the utmost composure, "Not in the least; whether we live, or whether we die, we are the Lord's." He said, "What shall I do without you? I shall be all alone." She replied, "You will not be alone; the Lord will be with you." She asked her husband to pray with her. In his prayer he intreated the Lord to deal gently with her. She said, "He is dealing gently with me: He will deal gently with me; I should like to go to Him now, at this time." She was suffering great agony of body, and prayed to the Lord speedily to take her, saying, "Come quickly, Lord Jesus. O dear Lord, take me now; but O Lord, I am impatient; forgive me; thy time is the best; give me grace to wait patiently till thou art pleased to take me to thyself." She also prayed to the Lord to keep her to the end, to preserve her clearness of mind, and to give her an easy passage over Jordan. On this day all her friends came to say farewell to her; she had a word for each; more especially to the young. After having spoken to many, and being very much exhausted by the effort, her husband said she had better not exert herself in speaking any more at present, when she said immediately, "Oh! I wish that more were here, that I might tell them of the love of Jesus to me."

soul!" Then, with eternity full in view, under that deep and true sense of the misery of a worldly life, and the blessedness of a Christian life, which only the near prospect of sleeping in Jesus can give, she exclaimed, "O! the world is mad; the world is mad—they know not what they are doing!" Men of the world whose eyes may rest on these words, be intreated to ponder well this witness from the bed of death. To her husband, who had given himself to the Lord, she said, "You have given yourself to the Lord, John, have you not? On receiving an affirmative reply, she added, "*Mind and walk consistently and keep close to Him, and I shall see you again soon.*" To another who was weeping she said, "Weep not for me, weep for yourself; will you give yourself to Jesus?" saying over and over again, "Will you?—will you?" The friend said, "Yes:" she added, "Say, by God's grace." To her medical attendant after he had told her there was no hope, she said, "This will be one of the last things I shall say to you: remember whatever you give to a patient, or whatever you do for him, to look to the Lord for a blessing." She also invited him to give himself wholly to the Lord. To a clergyman, when he asked if she had any thing to say, she replied, "Yes; but to the Lord Jesus. I am now going home to Him and I hope to meet you there. Good bye; I shall look for you above. Come then, follow me, and we shall see each other soon." Seeing her husband greatly distressed, she said, "*Is it not curious I cannot weep?*" He re-

plied "It is all the Lord's goodness in supporting you." She said, "Yes; He gives me peace that the world never could give." Her husband said to her, "Mary, the Lord is with you, and will keep you to the end; and perhaps He will give you a glimpse of the kingdom before you enter it." The intelligent composure of her mind was beautifully evinced in her reply. Looking mildly and affectionately at him, she gently said, "*We walk by faith, not by sight.*"

The one great desire of her mind was to invite all to Jesus whom she could in any way reach. A woman said to her, "Mrs Woodsell, can I do any thing for you after you are gone?" She said, "Yes, come to Jesus." After kissing her child, she said to him, "You must never leave your father while he is in this country, and you must come to Jesus; this is what you want, no one else can save you." She spoke to her husband, saying, "John, don't part with the child." Turning to the child again she added, "Mind what your father says to you, he knows the truth, he will tell you all about Jesus." When asked if she had any message for her mother, she said, "I have *only one message; for only one thing is of the least importance*; tell her to come to Jesus. I have nothing else to say, and what I say to her, I say to every one else: I have only one message for all, come to Jesus." She asked to have the following verses repeated to her,

"One army of the living God,
To His command we bow ,

Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.

Oh may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside ;
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified."

Very early on the morning of the 19th, after passing a night of great agony, a friend said to her, when she was supposed to be departing, "You will soon be at rest, dear Mrs. Woodsell!" She replied, "I have been greatly tossed about all night, but Jesus was with me." Afterwards, at intervals, when her voice was scarcely heard, the same friend heard her feebly gasping out, "Jesus, Jesus is very precious to me." She said to her husband, "Satan is often permitted to assault the Lord's people at the last, but I know the Lord will support me, and I feel that much prayer is offered for me. Pray for me that my faith fail not." He asked, "Is your faith in the Lord strong?" She replied, "Yes; I feel it so." He said "Have you any doubt?" "Doubt, my husband! why, can I doubt in the Lord when I see Him waiting for me? Look, John, don't you see Him? There He stands! Yes, Lord, I am coming." She added, "You must not think I am dying a fine death. What nonsense people talk of dying finely. What should I be just now, except the Lord were supporting me!"

About eleven o'clock that night we thought her end was approaching; she was suddenly seized

with a great increase of pain, and asked her medical attendant if he could give her anything to alleviate it? He replied, "Yes, but it will be at the expense of reason: opium is the only thing." She steadily declined to take anything which would cloud her mind, preferring rather to suffer pain, trusting in the Lord—feeling sure that He would support her. About nine o'clock in the morning of the 19th of August, she said to her husband, "There is a cloud, a dark cloud." He replied, "But Jesus is behind the cloud: the cloud will burst; you will see Jesus, and He will receive you into His glory; and, quoting her own words, he added, 'We walk by faith, not by sight.'" She afterwards said to those around her, "I am passing through the valley of the shadow of death. You do not know what it is to be in the dark valley; no one can know it but those that are in it; but there is light in the valley, Jesus is with me." Beautiful and memorable words! Striking proof that her mind preserved all its intelligence and clearness. There was no stupor, no absence of feeling; she knew where she was, she felt all the awe of her position, but her peace was unbroken. The good Shepherd was with her in the valley; His rod and staff they comforted her. To her the religion of Jesus proved a divine reality, when subjected to the severest of tests, the awful anxieties of a dying hour. Oh! that all men would know and trust this Friend of sinners, who alone can give peace in such an hour!

feebly, but with great feeling, "Jesus! oh what a name!" Then, "Jesus is very precious to me." Then, "The everlasting arms are under me." Then, "Oh how wonderful that Jesus saves such a poor sinner!" When those present were all weeping round her bed she said, "I cannot weep, I have not a single care or anxiety on my mind! Lord bless my dear husband, and keep him and our dear child—the little one thou hast given us. I believe the Lord will bless them both." She then said to all, "You will follow me soon, you will follow me soon." She was heard to say several times in the stillness of the night, speaking in a low voice to her own soul, "Hark, my soul, it is the Lord; hark, my soul, it is the Lord." The bride had heard the Bridegroom's voice, the spirit had heard the call of her Lord, and knew His voice, and hushed herself to listen. Oh, the blessedness of a mind so prepared to hear the cry, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet Him!"

Her mind was so graciously preserved in calmness according to her prayers, that she was able to attend to the reading of the Scriptures till within five minutes of her death. When asked if she could attend, she said, "Yes, read; I can hear, but read slowly." Her husband then read for almost the space of an hour at intervals, slowly and gently, several passages from the word of life. She was gasping for breath, but so great was her desire to hear the word of life, that the instant he began to read, her gasping ceased, and she slowly turned

towards him her large and still brilliant
drinking in the word with indescribable eag-
and even going before him in finishing the pa
That same blessed word which she had love
diligently studied in life, was her food and co
in the hour of death. About this time, allud
her former temporary impatience to depart, sh
“ Lord Jesus, I would one time have crosset
Jordan alone, but now I have thee to take me
About ten minutes before she breathed he
gasping between every syllable, she was
praying, “ Lord Jesus, save my mother, bro
and sisters ; be intercessor for them, and c
their souls.” Seeing that the last momen
come, her husband asked her, “ Have you
is Jesus with you ?” She feebly whispered
ear, “ Yes ; perfect peace—Jesus is with me.”
ing up at her husband, she smiled, saying
same time, “ *Yes, Lord, now I am ready.*”
were her last audible words. At three p. m
day she fell asleep in Jesus. Her husband
stood by her bed, then knelt down and th
God for his great mercies to her.

Her body rests in Mooltan grave-yard, w
was interred on the 28th of August, 1860.

And now, reader, what is this voice of
thee in this striking manifestation of the lov
power, and faithfulness of Jesus ?

Here you see how a life of simple faith in
combined with humble consistent conduct, s
tion from the world, and loving zeal for the

of God and the conversion of souls, is crowned by His grace with a death-bed of peace, and a hope full of immortality.

Reader, art thou a disciple of Christ? Let this sight lead thee to look more to Him, to converse more with Him, to abide more constantly at His cross, and to trust more simply in his precious blood. If thou art a disciple of Christ, let it lead thee to walk more closely in His blessed footsteps, to imitate more constantly His perfect example, and to labour more earnestly for the conversion of souls to Him. Then will He abide in thee, and fill thee ever with the riches of His grace, and peace, and strength.

But art thou still a stranger to Christ? Hast thou not yet given thy heart to Him? Hast thou never heeded, never yielded thyself to His invitation? Oh then, listen now to His voice which speaks to thee from the dying lips of His beloved child, and which says to thee so touchingly, "Come to Jesus." Could she have seen thee also standing near her death-bed, she would have said to thee as she said to all, "Come to Jesus." She would have pleaded with thee also, saying, "Will you, will you come unto Him? Oh say that you will come unto Him; say, by God's grace, I will come unto Him, I will give my heart to Him." And could she now speak to thee from her heavenly mansion, now that she has seen Him, the beloved of her soul, in all His *majesty*, and has tasted all the riches of His love,

and has known the unspeakable blessedness and glory of His children—oh! now with what words of rapture would she urge thee to “come to Jesus!” Oh then, reader, wherever thou art, whatever thou art, young or old, merry or sad—whether thou art rich or poor, whether thou art weary and lonely in this world, or whether thou art surrounded by friends and in affluence, listen to her dying entreaties—“Come to Jesus,” in all these situations He is thy truest, thine only unfailing friend. Above all, is thy heart bleeding for its sins? “Come to Jesus;” His blood will cleanse thee from all sin. Art thou in sorrow? “Come to Jesus;” and He will comfort thee. Thou hast soon to die! “Come to Jesus,” and he will be thy peace in death, thy light in the dark valley. And oh! especially to the young, who look forward into life with hope and joy, “Come to Jesus,” and He will make life for thee to be all thou canst desire, in which thou mayest learn to know Him, and from which thou mayest pass to enjoy Him for ever: “for I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.”

SHE SLEEPS IN JESUS!



Sacred

TO THE MEMORY OF

MARY WOODSELL

THE WIFE OF JOHN WOODSELL,

OF THE 7TH DRAGOON GUARDS,

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE AT MOOLT,
EAST INDIES, AUGUST 27TH, 1860,

AGED 29 YEARS.

She has left a fond husband and an affectionate
to lament her loss.

“Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.

Rev. xiv. 13.

Robert Morphet, Printer and Bookseller, Kirkby Lonsdale





